

community.
This, then, is the climate for the solution advanced by the recreation of a Jewish Homeland, such as is given to all other peoples, where Jews might again tap the fount of their folk genius.

V.
Ar you a Christian? Do you believe it your ethical and moral responsibility to see justice done to the Jew, reparations given to the supreme casualty of the Hitler era?

Then, in the words of a Yiddish poet more than a half-century ago at the time of pogroms in Czarist Russia, "give bread for the living, shrouds for the dead." But give more—give hope to the scattered remnants in Europe—by buttressing American public opinion behind an autonomous Jewish commonwealth in the Holy Land!

MISSION TO TOKYO

T/Sgt. STANLEY M. MOORE
1733 — WEDNESDAY — The B-29 shuddered as full power was pulled on—the brakes were released and the seventy-eight ton bird started to roll. Everyone was so tense that all conversation was stifled. These fellows knew that one little failure of the plane would mean the end for all of them. Those bombs weren't playthings, as was this whole business, cold, impersonal and deadly. Now they were eating up the eight thousand foot runway at almost two miles a minute—at the last moment it bounced once and was airborne. Each man uttered a mirthless chuckle at his ungrounded fears and eased back for the seven endless hours of flight north over the expansive Pacific to Tokio.

TOKYO, Japan's largest and capital city, had been well gone over in briefing that afternoon—it was all vividly clear in each man's mind. They knew exactly when, where and how to strike for greatest effectiveness as well as for maximum safety for themselves but Tokyo at any time, would be rough. How could any city of seven and a half million be otherwise?

0038—THURSDAY—Every man was dressed with full flak equipment—parachutes were on and checked—the gunnery system was set, all escape hatches and fire fighting equipment had been doubly checked. Up ahead the glow of fire was bright on the horizon, some of the boys had been there already and the bellowing oil smoke thousands of feet in the air was a good indication of the big bombers effectiveness.

The bright fires and bellowing smoke held little interest for the eleven man crew that headed for their rendezvous with four minutes of hell, it was those

hundreds of small fingers of light stabbing the heavens' darkness for the silver Bird that rained death and destruction on the Nipps, and those innocent looking puffs of white and black smoke, followed by the red streamers of automatic weapons fire, which spelled death to them that held them spellbound.

0045 — THURSDAY — Over the I. P. the Bombardier called the Pilot to set up a heading of 286 for the bomb run and for a bombing speed of two fifty indicated; the outer ring of radar search lights were already feeling their way upward to intercept the onrushing bomber. Two minutes from bombs away the lights caught them and the flak batteries closed in but the Bombardier with skillful evasive action rolled and slipped the giant plane out of the grasp of the ever increasing numbers of persisting tentacles of light. "Bomb doors coming open," shouted the Bombardier over the interphone—two ready answers of "Bomb doors open" came from the C.F.C. and radioman. "Bombs away" — again two answers, "Bomb bays clear" — At the door came closed the superfort seemed to take on new life. Flak was everywhere, it seemed impossible to escape untouched but with exception of a rattle now and then the ship never felt the bite of steel. More power was pulled on, the air speed indicator rose to three-ten—a sharp bank to the right and then they headed toward the sea and safty. Soon the chatter was resumed on interphone — flak suits came off — the plane was pulled back to normal cruising speed of two hundred — the tenseness was gone, they were no longer eleven intricate parts of a mechanism of destruction but just eleven dog tired Americans who had done the job expected of them.

0800—THURSDAY—The main landing gear touched the runway and stuck, the silvery superfort rolled to a full stop, then taxied to a revetment, the engines were cut. After fourteen and half hours in the air a tired but happy crew climbed out to meet an equally jubilant ground crew, they all inspected the plane minutely—not a hole to mar her beautiful body—"Hell, Tokyo isn't so tough" a crew member commented but he knew better, because last night he had been there.

Yes, these men had been to Tokyo — they had seen the worst that war can offer—took it but down deep inside each had vowed that there should never be another war if he could prevent it.

Holiday Cheer To All

Cpl. EDWARD G. STRABLE
CLINTON, IOWA

CLASSIFIES AND ASSIGNS



Cpl. Marion Goswick

Marion was sent to Monterey, California, to be assigned for overseas duty. However, seeing that he has 36 points to his credit, the Army is keeping him in Monterey, where he now interviews, classifies, and assigns the lads who are going overseas. He finds the work very interesting.

Marion is also a professional organist, and on Sundays plays for as many as seven services. He plays for all faiths and denominations. Marion is a self made man. He started working when he was in the seventh grade and worked his way through high school and college. Upon graduation, he taught for one year in a Junior High and Grade School. The subjects he taught were Music, Art, and English. Then, he was drafted. Most of his service was spent at Ft. Sill, Okla.

Marion is 26 years old and was born in Frankfort, Kansas.

POLKA TOPS

New York (UP) The polka has it all over jitterbug dancing as "jump" entertainment. Science says so.

The General Electric Co., turned its vibration meter from industrial problems to prove that the polka dancers set the "joint jumping" 30 per cent more than the modern jitterbugs.

The polka registered 170 miles a second on the scientific meter, while the best the "knock me down and beat me" version jitterbugging could do was 120 miles a second.

A Merry Xmas and Happy New Year

TO LYS'rs and VILTIS READERS
KAZY AND LIL DULYS
CHICAGO

Season's Greetings to Viltis
AND ALL FRIENDS
FEWELL G. DYESS
Sailing the Pacific

FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE

By Clayton C. Campbell

What is a friend? We spent most of our lives cultivating friends; we anticipate visits from our friends; many times we go out of our way to please our friends. Then what is a friend?

Our friend Webster tells us that a friend is someone for whom we have such respect and esteem and affection that we wish to spend as much time with him as possible. Emerson said that there were two elements that go into the composition of friendship and that each was equally important with the other. He named TRUTH as the first element and TENDERNESS as the second element. Truth as used in this connection means, I think, primarily sincerity. One man by himself will be sincere but when another enters the picture hypocrisy begins. "To most of us," says Emerson, "society shows not its face and eye, but its side and back."

Tenderness implies gentleness, kindness, tactfulness and most of all, consideration for the feelings of our associates. The individual who tells you unpleasant things just because he feels that you ought to know them, or that they are for your own good is a wholesale sinner against the virtue of tenderness. The person who speaks gently, who possesses that soothing voice and sympathetic touch is the one who is worth his weight in precious stones. It is to him that we extend our offers of friendship and it is with him that we prefer to share our time, our happiness and even our difficulties.

That is the purpose of this column, if it can be said to have a purpose. To offer you, its readers, a kindly word or a hearty chuckle as the case may be, to help in its small way to make the day a wee bit lighter and the sun of happiness beam just a bit brighter on you that it might otherwise have done. To you, then, this column is respectfully dedicated—to friends and to friendships everywhere.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Earnest C. Dulinsky, Jr.	1
Anthony J. Klumpp, Jr.	8
Camilla Bonnell	13
Anthony Frederick Zunker	14
Corrine Harper	14
Capt. Don Hershberger	18
Theresa Ann Pazik	19
Dean Saxton	24
Roy Lloyd	25
Ronald Casebere	26
Carol Irene Childs	28
Gail Anne Dulinsky	29

And now may we take this opportunity to wish our many readers a very Merry Christmas and extended to all our best wishes for a peaceful and prosperous New Year.

BEARING THE CROSS AGAIN



Peculiar to Lithuanian scenery are the wayside shrines and crosses found by roads, hilltops, and homesteads. Out of the hundreds of thousands of crosses found in the country, no two are found of the same design. The cross was a Lithuanian symbol centuries before Christianity was introduced in Lithuania. Most crosses, to this very day, bear the aureole (sun symbol.) Lithuania was the last European nation to accept Christianity, therefore, pagan motifs predominate in all artistic expressions.

NOOK of POETRY ...

NOW AND THEN
HARRY H. PINNEY

On Christmas Eve they used to say
That Santa and his reindeer
Went flying through the frosty air,
Dispensing gifts and great cheer.

All kinds of wondrous things were
dropped
Down village chimney-pots;
Warm coats and skates and oranges,
And toys for little tots.
Now Santa Claus is up to date,
For a big 29
Instead of bombs drops Christmas gifts
From his 'Round the World Air Line.

DECEMBER SUN
Gene Wierbach

The stage is set on purple hills;
On either side white clouds seem wings
With back-drop Grotto blue.
Off stage the distant thunder signs
To give the sun his entrance cue.
Proudly he moves in ageless fame
Resplendent with a golden crown —
And Pausing down front, wins acclaim
As storm clouds ring the curtain down.

AN EARNEST PRAYER
WILL E. AYER

Oh, God, stay the hand of all despots,
Who would bind all Thy children with
chains,
Dry the tears of those millions of
mothers
Whose sons lie all over the plains
From the snows-covered hills of the
Arctic
To the sun-blistered tropical climes,
Give Thy aid to the millions now
starving,
While the fury of War upward climbs.

Oh, God, send Thy rest to the weary
Who have given their all for a cause.
Let Thy light shine forever more
brightly
Toguide man to live by Thy laws.
Let Thy star in the east lead man
onward
And upward toward Heaven's bright
goal,
And Thy faith light the way ever
forward
To the ultimate peace of man's soul.

Oh, God, in Thy infinity mercy,
Bind Mars, the War God, with Thy
chains,
And decree that henceforth and forever,
In thralldom he ever remains.
Let the Angel of Peace hold Thy sceptre,
Let Reason and Justice inspire
Mankind to look forward and upward
To a World-peace,—Man's highest
desire.

I LOVE TO CLIMB MOUNTAINS
By BURTON LAWRENCE

To feel the sun upon my back,
And on my face the giant force
Of wind that blows down from the
cirque,
I love to climb up mountains—on a
horse!

Above the straggling timberline,
Across the meadow thick with gorse,
Up rocky crag, 'round precipice,
I love to climb up mountains—on a
horse!

To catch the thrill of pioneer,
Of climbing Swiss or ski-ing Norse,
No better way can now be found
Than climbing up a mountain—on a
horse!

You follow up the valley steep,
And trace the river to its source,
Which may be glacier, snowbank,
spring:
Finally you reach it — on a horse!

The pugilist may work like mad,
The strong-man follow Atlas' course,
And all good men lead strenuous lives:
I'll still take climbing mountains — on
a horse!